

Half a Hundred
Thoughts in Rhyme
Sonnets
Poems

Emma Schrader



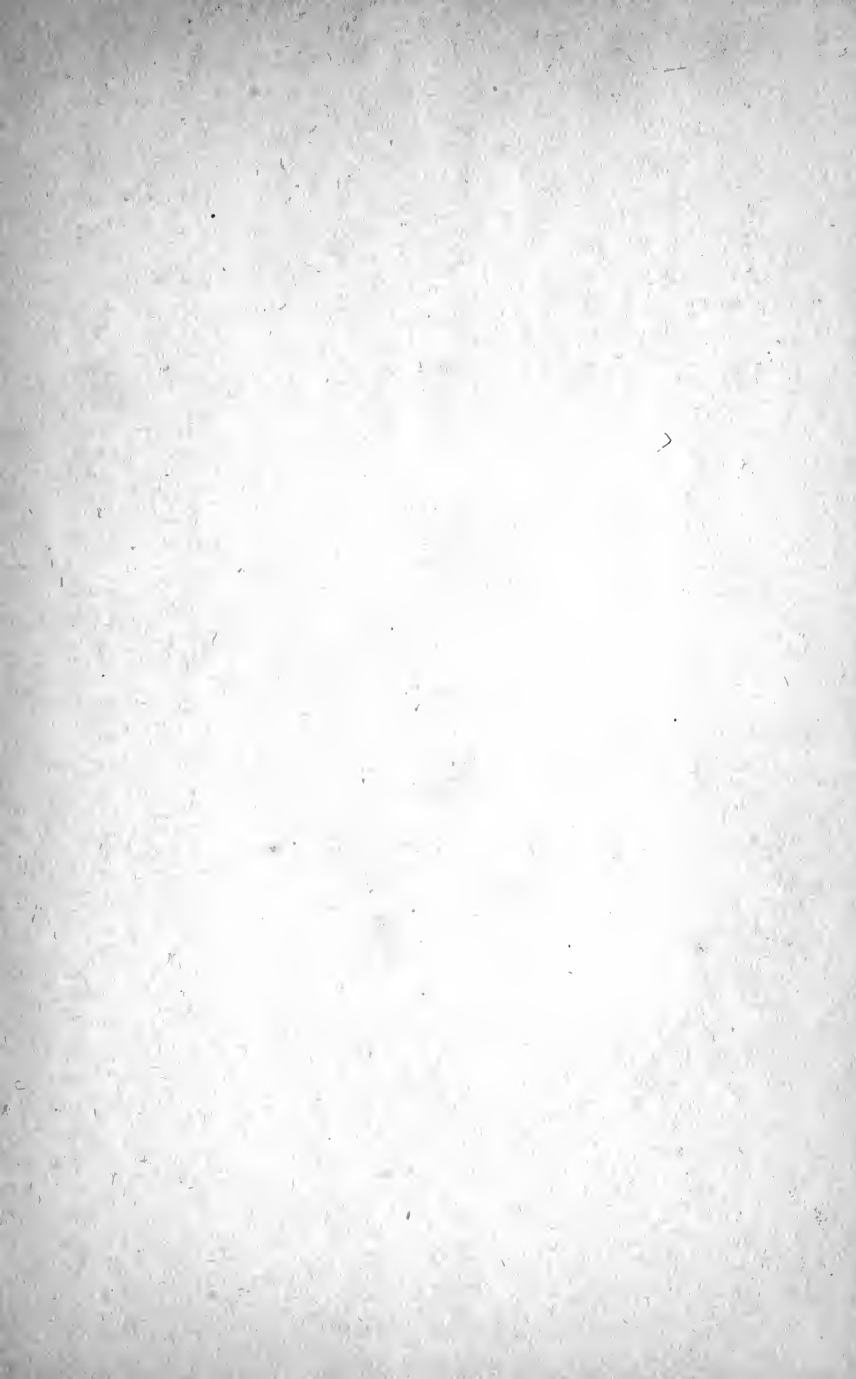
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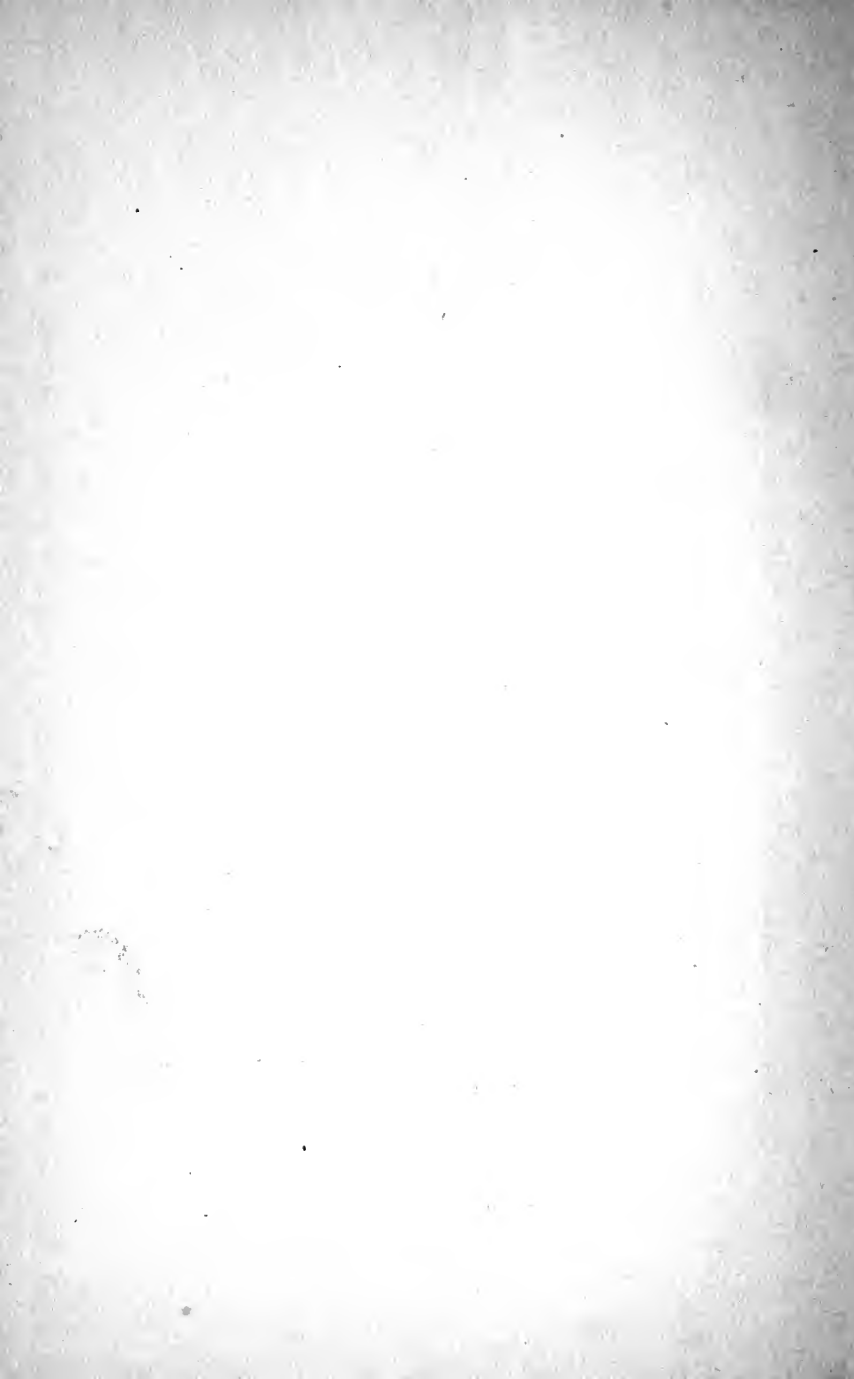
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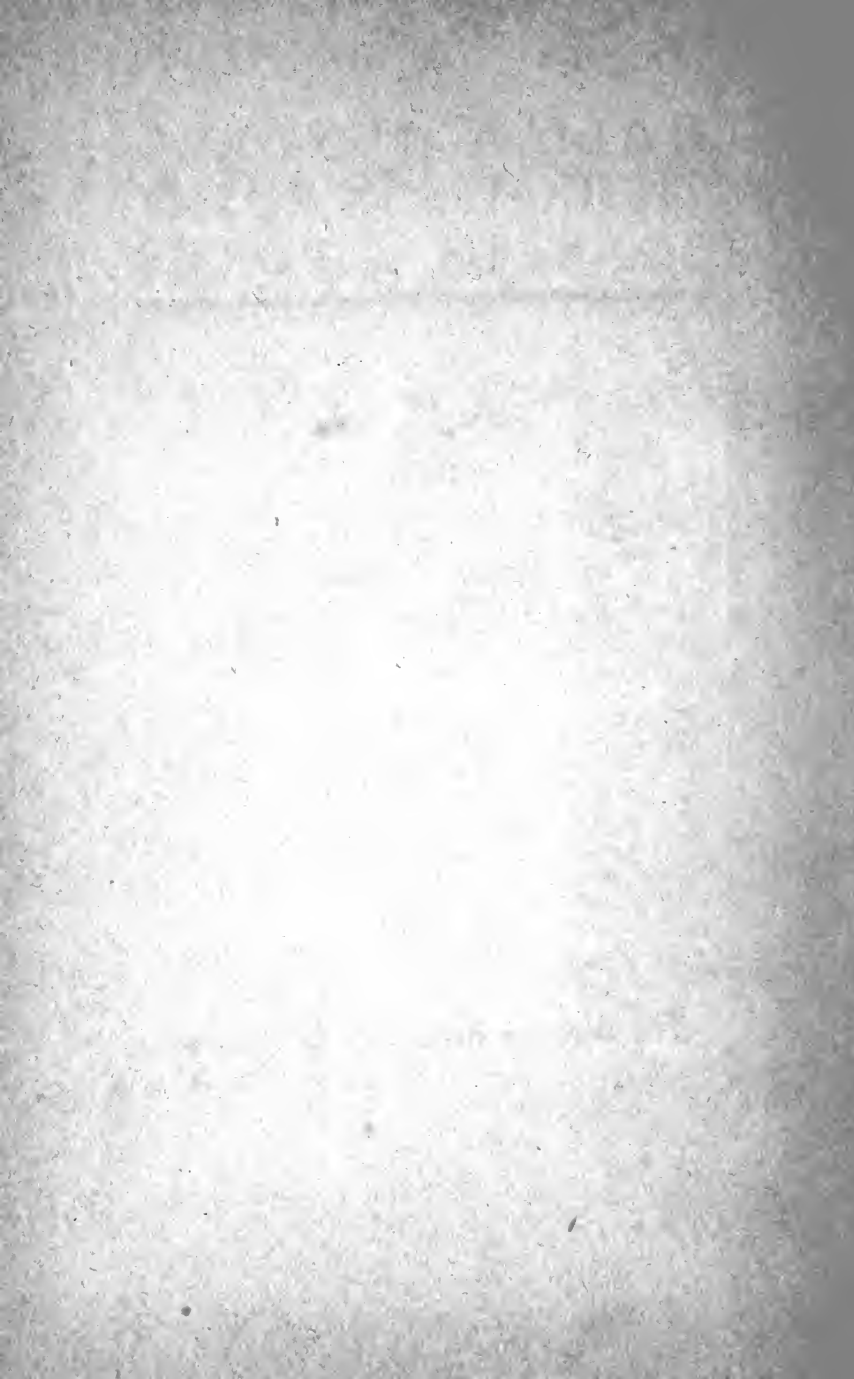




Half a Hundred Thoughts
in Rhyme

Sonnets

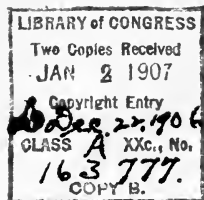
Poems



HALF A HUNDRED THOUGHTS IN RHYME SONNETS ❁ POEMS

By
Emma Schrader

The Winona Publishing Company
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Half a Hundred Thoughts
in Rhyme



TO
MY FATHER

*The vast gift of eternity has been laid in your hands
and mine: an eternity not wholly to come, but one which is
even now here. Shall we not use its hours aright?*

ANNA ROBERTSON BROWN.

Half a Hundred Thoughts in Rhyme

SUNSHINE, STAY

Sunshine, stay
All the day!
Shed your warmth and brightness on my way;
Let your radiance fill each passing day;
In your light the shadows only play;
Clouds are scattered, too, without delay.
Sunshine, stay!

Sunshine, stay
On my way!
For you fill my heart with song each day;
Shadows from my pathway flee away,
And earth's winter proves but flowery May;
Oh, your brightness cheers my onward way.
Sunshine, stay!

GOD IS LIGHT

Have you seen the morning sun
Rise in splendor in the sky?
Shed his glorious beams afar,
Bringing all his splendors nigh?

Have you watched the shadows lift,
Flee before him, shining bright?
Have you seen the joy of earth
Bathed in morning's perfect light?

But a beauty greater far
Than the splendor of the morn,
Is the light that God doth shed
In the soul to Him new-born.

On the soul that rests in Him
Shines, more radiant than the sun,
The light which can no darkness know,
And it shines till life is done.

ENCOURAGEMENT

The stars shine brightest
In the darkening night;
The birds sing sweetest
Ere the morning light;
The clouds that gather
Hold refreshing showers;
And the cold rains bring
The sweet May flowers.

Hope shines the brightest
When clouds dim the light;
Songs are the sweetest
When heard in the night;
Life's sorrows but drive thee
To safe, sheltering wings,
Where grief is forgotten
In the comfort Christ brings.

COMPLETENESS

Lift Thou the standards of my life
 Higher, higher, higher!
Too long I've grovelled in the strife;
In earthly marts I looked for right,
And found the darkness, not the light:
Now let Thy life my own inspire,
 Lord, lift me higher, higher!

Lift Thou this spark of right in me
 Higher, higher, higher!
Join it to what is best in Thee,
Thou source of perfectness divine;
In me let Thine effulgence shine;
And by Thy light my life inspire,
 Lord, lift me higher, higher!

As I advance to perfectness
 Higher, higher, higher!
Grant Thou Thy power to me, and bless
My life with rest and peace in Thee.
Complete in Thee my life shall be
For when Thou dost my soul inspire
 I'm lifted higher, higher!

THE VICTOR

When you wear the crown of the victor,
And the laurels that Earth gives are yours;
When fame blazons your name and your deeds on
her banners
And your honor, undying, assures;
Oh, humble your heart in your triumph,
Lest pride of life cause you to fall,
For the One who weighs life's inmost thought
Shall the name of the victor call.

It may be, if you are forgotten,
Neglected, or set at naught,
And you smile, all forgetful of self and forgiving
Nor speak harshly of what others wrought;
If you smile when another more worthy
Takes a higher place than your own,
It may be that One will be glad of your triumph
And name you the victor, alone.

He who was despised and rejected,
And His counsels considered as naught,
Was the greatest of victors the world ever knew!
With His spirit must triumph be fraught,
For He conquered the wiles of the Tempter;
He listened to Truth's stern behest,
Nor could all power or plaudits of men
Ever swerve him from choosing life's best.

LORD, MAKE IT RIGHT

Lord, make it right:
 This thing that so perplexes me.
 I tried to solve its mystery,
 But to my sight
 There came no light;
 And now I bring it, Lord, to Thee,
 And ask that Thou wilt make it right.

 The night to Thee
 Doth shine as radiant as the day,
 And not obscure to Thee 's my way.
 Thine eye doth see
 Where'er I be.
 And Thou canst never let me stray,
 For Thou wilt show the right to me.

 Afraid, am I,
 To meet life's problems without Thee,
 For they involve too much for me.
 Yet, if Thou 'rt nigh
 I still may try
 For surely no mistake can be
 When Thou dost heed my feeblest cry.

THE WEB OF LIFE

The somber web of life, I find,
Is shot with threads of gold,
That brighten up the tapestry
With colors clear and bold.

It is no dull and lifeless thing,
This web with threads of gold;
It lives and throbs, for every thread
A vital worth doth hold.

The living God reveals Himself,
In this the web I hold;
Unique exertions of His power
Are these bright threads of gold.

And God's omnipotence can make
This complex web I hold
A thing of beauty if in me
He works with threads of gold.

A LITTLE WHILE

A little while, dear child, for me,
 Bear the burdens of the day;
I bore for you a weightier load
 And walked a rougher way.

A little while in patience wait;
 Despair not, child, but know
That every cloud is limn'd with light
 And may its brightness show.

A little while, child, lend thy light
 To shine forth in the gloom;
Perchance 'twill guide some wanderer home
 Or light the darksome tomb.

A little while to labor here,
 To labor, watch and pray;
Each hour directed from above,
 Each day an onward way.

A little while,—a little while,—
 Faithful in all things here,
And then you'll join the loved above,
 Where joy is and no tear.

FAITH, HOPE, LOVE

There are many daily crosses,
And a myriad little losses
That I find destroy my peace;
 Yet the crosses,
 And the losses,
And whate'er my spirit tosses,
If I'd perfect trust, would cease.

Of the future there is doubting,
And from present ills there's pouting,
When faith fails to claim God's word;
 But the doubting
 And the pouting
Would be changed to joyful shouting
If strong hope my spirit stirred.

There is loneliness and sorrow,
And I fear the dark to-morrow,
If I doubt the God above.
 Fear of sorrow
 And to-morrow
Cease when light of love they borrow;
Fear dwells not in perfect love.

FOLLOW ME

While thy friends may find their way
 Strewn with roses every day,
 Till the year 's like flowery May,
 What is that to thee?
 They may serve their God full well,
 In their fragrant flowery dell,
 If they there His message tell
 And His smile they see.

Wheresoe'er He leads the way,
 Whether dark or bright the day;
 If the Christ will only say:
 "Rise, and follow me,"
 Thou canst know that all is well:
 He 's the charm of flowery dell;
 He the storms of life can quell;
 His way 's best for thee.

Should'st thou walk a steep, rough way
 Where the darksome shadows stay,
 It will prove a blessed day
 If One walks with thee
 Whose great love no tongue can tell.
 Oh, 'twere bliss with Christ to dwell!
 Thou canst ne'er His message quell,
 For 'tis "Follow Me."

DEPENDENCE AND SELF-RELIANCE

Humbly dependent, wait on your God;
Gather from Him an abundant store;
Ask and receive from Him more and more;
Fill your life full of the blessings He gives;
Know that His mercy for you ever lives;
Bask in His presence till like Him you grow,
Till your heart doth thrill with the love you know:
Humbly dependent, wait on your God.

With manly assurance, rely on yourself:
Those God-given powers in you must be shown,
For, waiting, receiving, you like Him have grown;
And there's surely a place for divinely-wrought powers;
A work to be done in these fast-fleeting hours.
Have a purpose in living; there's a plan for your life;
Your Master empowers for its fiercest strife:
With manly assurance, rely on yourself.

SERVICE

I will serve God in the sunshine glad and bright
While He makes the sun to shine;
I'll rejoice in all the joy that gladness brings
While I may call gladness mine;
I will praise Him for life's full abundant stores;
And my temporal blessings rare;
I will thank Him that I still may live and bask
In the smile of love so fair.

I will serve Him all the better in the dark
If He send me darkness drear;
If the darkness be God's darkness, it may come,—
In the gloom He will be near.
God may send me light or guide me in the dark,
If I trust, He'll keep me still;
And when life's great nightfall comes He'll lead
Where the songs of victory thrill.

MY GIFT

Lord, in my feeble hand
My gift I bring;
I lay it at Thy feet,
This treasured thing:
It is no jewel rare,
No gem that I would wear;
It is not brilliant gold,
This thing I hold.

More, far more dear to me
This will of mine;
And yet I give it Thee
To make it Thine.
This gift of mine, though small
Includes my life, my all;
Now, naught I have may be
Apart from Thee.

Then if joy comes to me,
Or sorrows pall;
Or if upon my way
Dark shadows fall,
Calm may my spirit rest,
Knowing Thy will is best;
Lord, take this will of mine
And make it Thine.

CEASE TO DOUBT

Cease to doubt, yes, cease to doubt!
 Faith can put your fears to rout;
 Hope is strong, yes, hope is strong,
 Right will surely conquer wrong;
 Not alone, no, not alone
 Are you in your sad heart's moan,
 For One hears each sigh and groan,—
 Cease to doubt!

God is love, yes, God is love,
 And He reigns in heaven above;
 Oh, sad heart, look up with joy!
 No powers of evil shall annoy.
 He reigns! Earth and heaven obey!
 Right shall conquer wrong, I say.
 Cease to doubt, yes, cease to doubt,
 Faith can put your fears to rout;
 Rejoice, rejoice! sad heart, rejoice!
 Earth and heaven speak one voice,—
 Rejoice! Rejoice!

A VISION OF GOD

When you get a vision of God, my brother,
A new era will dawn in your life:
All visions of wealth and of worldly honor,
All pleasures you seek 'mid toil and strife,
Must all of them pale in His glorious light;
Must all seem weak compared with His might,
When you get a vision of God.

When you get a vision of God, my brother,
Self no longer will stay in your heart;
For a vision so great will transform life's seeming
In the light of the truth 'twill impart.
One glimpse of His wondrous, amazing love
Will show what you owe to Him above,
When you get a vision of God.

When you get a vision of God, my brother,
All lesser aims from your life will flee:
Though unworthy you be, and all undone,
You'll confess your sin; take His pardon free;
And when cleansed from guilt you will gladly do
Any task that the Master may ask of you,
When you get a vision of God.

YOUR MESSAGE

Have you a message for to-day,
A message given you to speak?
Then why not send it on its way,
 Its destined end to seek?

For the great world, 'twas given you!
You must, you shall deliver it.
And you must speak the message true
 The world to benefit.

Earth has no power to hinder you;
Nor hell, though all its might combine;
For He who said: *Go tell*, will, too,
 The place to you define.

The truth He gave you must be told!
God's messengers must speed His word.
He'll give you courage; make you bold;
 Then speak what you have heard.

PLOWING

Does the farmer use his plow
All the day the long year through?
O'er the furrows must he bow,
And find nothing else to do
But to see the ground he's breaking,
Or the clods he has been raking?

When he's made the surface plain
In the broken, mellow mould,
Does he not cast forth the grain
That it can so well enfold?
He prepared the ground for sowing
To assist the grain in growing.

'Tis the ripened, golden grain
That rewards him for his toil,
And the plowing would be vain
Should the yield for harvest spoil.
Vain the plowing, vain the sowing,
If the harvest is not growing.

THE REAPERS

The grain in the fields is waving,
For the harvest time 'tis white;
But where shall be found the reapers
Who will cast in the sickles bright?

Go, thou, for the harvest 's waiting,
Go, labor while it is day;
Go, bind the sheaves for the garner,—
Here idle no longer stay!

Go, singing the song of the reapers
And gather the golden grain;
Go, work from morn till the evening,
Nor cease from thy glad refrain.

Till cometh the night when thy labor,
Thy gathering of sheaves, shall be o'er,
And thy voice joins the glad rejoicing
At the garner's abundant store.

SUCCESS

What is success, this thing for which men seek?

It is not found in richest mines of gold,

Nor in the silver dug from mountains old,

For wealth cannot the highest good bespeak.

Nor is success in what the world calls fame.

Though dearly earned, fame does not satisfy;

It may be won, but quickly it will fly,

And to oblivion consign thy name.

It is not found in power of conquering might

That crushes into nothingness the weak;

No, rather, true success dwells with the meek

And they who help to make the world more bright.

The highest test of true success is found

In loyalty to God and to His will.

Not praise of men but God's approval still

Must make the greatest good in us abound.

COMFORT

Oh, the comfort God giveth His children
When they're wearied and worn in the strife!
He knows when their pathway grows weary,
He knows what burdens each life.

When earth's tempests so wild burst in fury
Safely sheltered are all 'neath His care;
In converse with Him they are strengthened,—
None have griefs He does not share.

Each life 's to the Life-giver precious,
None can ever be lost to His love;
There's no trial that comes to His children
But is shared by the Master above.

"Oh, comfort ye, comfort my people,"
Says the voice of the God whom we love;
And the comfort most dear to His children
Is His message of love from above.

A DAY WELL SPENT

Though the day may be fraught with duties,
With work for both brain and hand;
And there are a myriad crosses
That you do not understand,
If you work in the strength of the Master,
Do your best till the closing chime,
You'll rejoice when the day is done
In a glorious evening time.

When the day of life is ending,
And you cast a look o'er its track,
If in all you've been loving and faithful,
There'll be joy when you look back.
And its sunset hours will be joyous,
All bright be the evening time,
Till, expectant, you greet the dawning
That will herald the morning chime.

NATURE'S VOICE

The voices of loved ones are silent;
 I hear them not as of yore;
 But Earth speaks a language entrancing,
 And I find it a treasure store.

The blue dome of heaven is vocal
 With the songs of God's universe;
 And the azure tints of the mountains
 Glow with beauties no tongue can rehearse.

In the valleys are hymns to springtime,
 And the hillsides take up the refrain;
 While the blossoming orchards sing praises
 To the Giver of sunshine and rain.

The gardens are fragrant with flowers
 That speak with a language I know,
 And I look in their faces so radiant
 While they whisper to me soft and low.

So though among men I walk lonely
 And am deaf to their mirth and their song,
 With Nature I still have communion,—
 Joy and peace to such converse belong.

They tell me of God their Creator,
 And of love that is matchless, divine;
 My heart opens wide to their teaching,
 For their God of love I call mine.

SOMETIME, SOMEWHERE

Sometime, somewhere,
For I can trust the loving Father's care,
I'll surely know
Why I, His child,
Should meet the tempest's beating loud and wild
As on I go.

Sometime, somewhere,
For I the friendship of my Saviour share,
I'll see the way
I thought so drear
Was one that kept my Lord and Saviour near
Me, day by day.

Sometime, somewhere,
For I shall dwell in glory with Him there,
I'll see His face
And I shall know
That all who see His face will like Him grow
And test His grace.

LONGING

As the midnight longs for morning
So I long, my God, for Thee;
For the shadows round me darken
In Thy light no clouds can be.

As the desert thirsts for water
So my soul doth thirst for Thee;
Make life's weary waste to blossom
Rich with beauty, fair to see.

As a child that longs for comfort,
I my sorrows bring to Thee;
Ease me of the load I carry;
May Thy joy be seen in me.

As a pilgrim worn and weary
Rests at last, no more to roam;
So I, weary of life's journey,
Long for my eternal home.

THE DARKENED WAY

Lord, from the darkness that makes life so drear
 I look to Thee;
For Thou, my friend and guide, art ever near,
 And Thou dost see
The way I take; and Thou wilt lead aright
And bring my feet again to paths of light.

Lord, in the darkness I have longed for sight,
 That I might see
My onward way and choose my steps aright;
 But Thou to me
That light denied, that I by faith might know
How blest are they who trust as on I go.

And I would learn to love and trust Thee more,—
 Thou art my light!
Then though the darkest clouds may gather o'er,
 All will be bright,
For Thou wilt choose for me whate'er is best,
And in life's darkest hour I shall be blest.

Perfect my trust, O God, that in the dark
 Or in the light
The sweet content that Thou dost give may mark
 My soul bedight
With heavenly light; then shall the darkest night
But bring me nearer Thee where all is bright.

A PRAYER

Father, when the way is dark,
 May we trust in Thee;
Thou wilt guide lest we should fall;
 Thou our light wilt be.

When no earthly friend is near
 And we walk alone,
Fill with love our aching hearts,
 Cold and cheerless grown.

When we're weak and overborne
 With life's burdened day,
Give us strength that we may still
 Bravely tread life's way.

If in the unequal strife
 We should fall or fail,
Be Thou near to cheer us still;
 Thy love will avail.

Guide us, Father, all the way,
 Till, life's struggles o'er,
We shall reach our home at last,
 Dwell there evermore.

THE ANSWERED PRAYER

Unanswered yet! that prayer I've made so long?

I thought, O Lord, that Thou wouldst grant to me
My one request: it surely was not wrong

When Thou hadst bid me ask, to bring to Thee
This one desire? Here, on my bended knee,
I pled for answer to the blessing sought;

For days and years I've sought it constantly,
And still my prayer doth wing its flight, faith fraught.
Then shall I still petition Thee and heaven for naught?

Unanswered yet? My prayer was for a gift

That I would gladly take and use for Thee;
I prayed to have my limitations lift,

That mine a life of usefulness might be.

I thought, O Lord, that Thou wouldst surely see
That it was wise, and answer my request.

And would it not have been the wisest, best,
That Thou denied'st still my wished-for, strong
behest?

Unanswered yet? No, not unanswered, soul;

Your prayer was answered in your God's best way.
The clouds which dark above your pathway roll

Are big with mercies that to you convey
A richer blessing than you ask each day;

And is this gift a small one, that your will
Is God's? That if He answers *yea* or *nay*

The answer satisfies your spirit still?

More than you ask He gives your life with joy to fill.

LOOK UP!

If the sun is going down,
Look up at the stars;
Earth's in star-wrought mantel clad,
Day, its beauty mars.

If your world is growing dark
Lift to heaven your eyes;
It is brightest when Earth's glare
Fades from out your skies.

Keep your eyes on heaven, my child,
Till earth's shadows flee;
While Christ lives and cares for you
You may cheerful be.

Claim the promises of God,—
For you they were made;
Let his Spirit be your guide,
And ne'er be afraid.

HOPE, STILL HOPE!

When the days are short and weary,
And the nights are long and dreary,

Hope, child, hope!

If the cloud that darkening lowers,
Holds storm and not refreshing showers
If the birds have ceased their singing
And the bells their joyous ringing,

Hope, still hope!

Soon will come days longer, brighter
Clearer nights that will be lighter;

Hope, still hope!

O'er the clouds the sun is shining,
Each will show its silver lining;
Spring will bring the bird's sweet singing,
Earth will wake with praises ringing

Hope, still hope!

HARMONY

Discordant tones when strings are all in tune
 Shall be evolved to perfect harmonies;
 And so life's harp, when love has tuned its keys,
Shall echo tones, bright as a morn in June.

The chord of self at last must pass from sight;
 And strife and angry passions all must cease.
 There is a holy calm, a sacred peace,
When love doth shed her radiance warm and bright.

And there the graces of the Spirit live,
 And blend melodious voices in the song;
 For stilled are envy, hatred, strife and wrong,
No sweet inspiring notes such passions give.

When only love shall sweep the harp of life
 And keep the clearest, sweetest keys in tune,
 The darkest gloom shall have the light of noon
And with God's might shall overcome all strife

TRUST

Like a bird, storm-tossed and weary,
That rests in a sheltered nook,
And waits till the storm is abated
Ere pursuing the way it took,

So I, while life's storms are raging,
In safety am sheltered here;
And my life that is weak and weary,
May rest and know no fear.

For He who guides the sparrow
To shelter from storms too wild,
Will never allow life's tempests
To harm His trusting child.

And I in peace and contentment
May trust Him till storms are all past;
Till the light of the Homeland greets me
And I reach my haven at last.

LORD, BE PATIENT

Lord, be patient with Thy children:
 Broken purposes of good,
 Evils scarcely understood;
 All their feeble, weak endeavor,
 All that from Thy love doth sever,—
 Lord, be patient! Bear them still!
 Patient, Lord, a little longer,
 Till their feeble faith is stronger;
 Till Thy love their lives shall fill.

Bless them still with heavenly mercies,
 As they journey on their way,
 Let Thy goodness ever stay;
 If Affliction's hand is heavy,
 And dark days their burden levy,
 Let Thy love, Lord, be their strength.
 Guide them when their path is dreary,
 Give them rest, lest they grow weary;
 Bring them home to Thee at length.

OFF DUTY ?

Off duty to-day, did you say?
And what is your duty, pray?
Did you think that your call to serve
Meant only the battle's roar?
Does it mean that your duty 's o'er
If you're kept for the reserve?

There's a time to be armed and ready;
A time to work hard and steady;
But the days that you may not work,
And the days of weary waiting,
Will you then be boldly stating:
"I've no duty now to shirk?"

May I ask you your duty, pray?
You're never off duty a day!
It is ever awaiting you;
And though sometimes to music it chimes,
All places 'tis waiting, all times,
Always what God needs of you.

A PETITION

O God, if it be possible,
Let this cup pass from me.
I would not drink its bitter dregs,
Its woes I would not see.

This cup holds sorrow deep and wild:
I would not know its blight;
I'd rather walk a sunny road
Than where 'tis gloomy night.

This cup holds heartache,—life bereft
Of all it holds most dear;
I would my days in gladness pass
Nor know grief's blinding tear.

I know Thy will for me is best,
The end I may not see;
And e'en this cup I would not drink
Must bring me nearer Thee.

And if it may not pass from me—
This cup of bitter brine—
May I in perfect trust still say:
Not my will, Lord, but Thine.

THE LESSON OF THE QUARRY

In the midst of a great stone quarry
I watched as the cutters worked;
For the rocks that had been blasted,
Though rough and jagged and jerked,
With chisel and hammer were shaped at last,
Then smoothed and polished with care:
Yet, then I could no meaning trace
In the littered quarry there.

But when, in the heart of the city,
A beautiful temple was reared,
The stones that were shaped in the quarry
In symmetry rare appeared.
I then saw the quarry's meaning
Which hammer and chisel had wrought,
For the stones were shaped for the temple
Ere they were to the city brought.

And I thought of the world's great quarry,
Where the souls of men, made fair
By life's cares and sorrows and toils and strife,
Are wrought fit for God's temple rare.
In His heavenly house shall Earth's mysteries
Find a meaning wondrous true,
For the living stones that have been refined
Will have beauty fair to view.

THE UNDER SIDE

I saw the broken threads of life:
Saw all the colors dull and bright
Now tangled in a motley strife
That was ungainly to my sight.

Was it the web I wove with care,
Turning each thread appointed ways,
That I might make my web of life
Approved by Him who gave my days?

I thought the pattern which He gave,
And which I traced so carefully,
Would prove at least a sightly thing,
For I had wrought it prayerfully.

And then a voice said: "Child, grieve not;
This motley web of life you plied
Has much of beauty in my sight;
You're looking at the under side."

RETROSPECT

Behind us is the work of ages!
Six thousand years of written pages
That tell of human toil and strife
By which we've stepped to larger life,

 In this our little day.

Before us lies the great unknown,
And not the present hour alone;
We hold the past, yet are desiring
To lift our age with our aspiring
 Still higher on its way.

I see in all the long-gone ages—
'Tis traced through all their written pages—
The mystery of the Infinite:
A power to which all times submit.

 That power is God; is good;
When linked with it the nations rise;
At war,—naught stills their anguished cries;
Yet, with a light eternal shining,
And with a love through all entwining,
 God's good is understood.

LIFE'S FIELD

My life, with all its changing scenes,
 Will soon have passed away;
 Yet what I've wrought of good or ill
 Is deathless and will stay.

My deeds are now the seed of time
 Which, vital still, will grow,
 And in eternity will yield
 The fruit of what I sow.

Each single act, or good or bad,
 Is a portion of that seed
 With which my field of life is sown:
 Say, have I given heed

That only good by me is sown?
 That every act of life
 Is but the scattering of the seed
 With which the Word is rife?

I would not scatter with the grain,
 The tares in my life's field,
 But seed, that harvest time will prove
 A good, well-garnered yield.

MY SHEPHERD

The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall assail me.
When hungry He feeds me with life-giving bread;
I ne'er need be thirsty where cool waters be;
Nor ever be weary, in green pastures led.

He guideth my steps in the paths that are right;
And in the dark valley no evil I fear;
He comforts me ever by day and by night;
And joy without measure He giveth me here.

With blessings unnumbered my cup runneth o'er;
No want can I know when my Shepherd is near;
There's goodness and mercy unmeasured in store,
And I know that His love is daily more dear.

No want can I know while on earth I may live;
No want shall I meet on eternity's shore;
For there I'll enjoy all that Heaven can give,
And there with my Shepherd I'll dwell evermore.

A FRIEND

What is the best thing earth has given?
'Tis not the gold for which I've striven;
'Tis not that I am known to fame;
Nor yet that many speak my name.
'Tis more than health, or strength, or wealth;
'Tis something none may take by stealth;
I hold it as a treasure rare,
A treasure that will grow more fair:
 It is a faithful friend.

A strong defence is such a friend.
He, like an armèd power, doth lend
Protection when I else might cower
In fear, or flee in danger's hour;
He gives to me the power I seek,
He strengthens me when I am weak;
My faith in God and man makes strong;
He never leads me into wrong:
 This faithful friend of mine.

IF I KNEW

Oh, the beauty, the wisdom, the might of our God,
How they speak in this world of ours!

The mountains, the hillside, the murmuring sea,
The plains and the desert all tell of His powers;
The orchards, the meadows, the fields and the flowers,
All these chant their praise to His beauty and
might,

And I think if I knew all this blade of grass is,
I'd know more of His power as seen in its light.

Oh, the beauty, the wisdom, the love of our God,
How they speak in this world of ours!

His image that lives enshrined in man's life,
Who can know its full price, or speak all its
powers?

I know it is priceless, and deathless its might;
That Christ to redeem it thought life not too dear;
And I think if I knew the soul's value and powers,
Emblazoned in light God's love would appear.

MY REQUEST

I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou should'st give
 Me world-wide fame;
Nor that the plaudits of the worldly wise
 Attend my name.
But, lest the life Thou givest me to live
 Should wasted be,
I ask to be empowered for service, Lord,
 Made strong for Thee.

I would not find the fast-receding years
 Hold but closed doors;
And that none open where I still may find
 Abundant stores.
Nor, bound by limitations, would I feel
 My life work done.
No! Give me strength to labor, watch and pray
 Till Heaven is won.

COUNT HIS MERCIES

Count His mercies, count His mercies!
Number all God's gifts to you.
Number all the glad surprises
And His blessings always new.

Thank Him for the strains of music
That you were so glad to greet;
That success came unexpected;
That life's cup for you is sweet.

Thank Him for the morning splendor
That you see in earth and sky;
Nor forget the sunset glory,
Nor the starlit dome on high.

Know that every act of kindness,
And whate'er your spirit lifts,
All your blessings without number,
Show God's love and are His gifts.

UPWARD

The loss you mourned so sorely yesterday,
What does it mean to you to-day, my friend?
Does all that bitter heartache with you stay?
Had then the loss no ray of hope to lend?

Held not your disappointments gain for you?
Though tempest-tossed, are you not stronger
grown?
Did not your very woes your faith renew?
Does not triumphant peace for storms atone?

Your path must ever up and onward be;
You leave the good, to gain a better view.
If angels flee, archangels you will see;
Grieve not for blessings lost, but grasp the new.

Oh, friend, triumphant tread your upward way,—
The widest views are gained from mountain
heights.
'Mid shades of buried hopes no longer stay
While yonder, sun-bathed mount your soul invites.

THE TRUE WORD

If you speak a true word, my brother,
A word that was given you,
By the spirit of God who dwells in your heart,
Who directs you in all that you do;
How quickly you'll feel that the word
Spoken earnestly is not yours:
It belongs to God who empowered you,
Whose truth you know endures.

Then are you not glad, oh, brother,
That the Lord doth speak through you?
And do you not gladly send forth His word
Its destined work to do?
All truth is from Him, the Giver,
It belongs to the great, wide world,
And honored are you to pass it on:
A word with God's truth empearled.

THE HOMELAND

To-night I am tired of breasting
 The winds and the storms that blow,
And I long, with an infinite longing,
 The peace of the Homeland to know.

Perchance if to me there were given
 The strength and the wings of a dove,
I could fly on my world-wearied pinions
 And rest, safe at last, in God's love.

I would leave all the ties that are earthly,—
 Dearer far are the joys of the blest;
All I love gleams with brightness supernal,
 Even Death may not take life's best.

I would fly, I would fly to my Homeland,
 And there would my soul find its rest;
I'm too weary to *win* in life's conflict,
 And I long for my Saviour's breast.

IF THOU SHOULD'ST COME

If Thou should'st come to-morrow, Lord,
 Would I be glad?
Or would Thy coming cause alarm
 And make me sad?
Would I be ready for Thy coming then,
And would I gladly leave the haunts of men,
 With Thee to be?

If Thou should'st come to-morrow, Lord,
 Would'st Thou find me
In waiting, prayerful watchfulness,
 My Lord to see?
And would Thy coming be a glad surprise,
Would I with joy join Thee in yonder skies,
 If Thou should'st come?

If Thou should'st come to-morrow, Lord,
 Would it cause grief
Because I had not faithful been?
 And like a thief
Whose coming doth alarm and trouble one,
Would I endeavor then my Lord to shun,
 Should'st Thou come, Lord?

MORNING, NOON AND EVENING-TIME

Morning, noon and evening-time,
 Every day we say it o'er
 Till the days to years do climb;
 Then years numbered by the score
 Seem a day, so short, so sweet,
 That the morn and evening meet.

Morning, noon and evening-time,—
 With each new day, morn once more,
 Then the noon and evening's chime.
 Shall we ever say 'tis o'er?
 That no morning comes to greet
 Noon, which no evening-time will meet?

Morning, noon and evening-time,—
 When earth's evening-time is o'er
 Morn shall break in fairer clime,
 Morning, bright forevermore!
 Evening-time no more 'twill meet;
 Morn eternal, I would greet!

Sonnets

TO THE MEMORY
OF
MY MOTHER,

*No Godlike thing knows aught of less and less,
But widens to the boundless Perfectness.*

LOWELL.

Sonnets

A PRAYER

Lord, Thou hast given to me another day;
And lest some wrong in its long hours there be
I ask Thee for Thy help, that I may see
My way nor from one trivial duty stray.
Then will life's song become a cheerful lay
While I all day work bravely true to Thee,
And nobly true to all that's best in me.
May cheerful courage stay throughout my way;
Nor let life's irritating cares annoy;
If many duties crowd my way, oh, give
The quickened powers to meet them all with joy.
In peace and with content, too, may I live;
Grant no neglect may give me cause to weep;
Give, when my day is done, refreshing sleep.

THE CHRIST-TOUCHED CROSS

A burden far too heavy to be borne
I bravely tried to carry day by day;
But wearily I climbed my upward way.
I could not see the beauties of the morn,
And noontide glories found me all forlorn.
So heavily the burden on me lay
That, all unhelped, with naught its weight to stay
I could not climb; so weary I and worn.
"My cross I cannot carry, Lord!" I cried.
He touched the burden that I bore and asked:
"Not even if I journey by your side?"
And then He said, as I in sunlight basked:
"The unhelped cross you cannot carry long,
The Christ-touched cross you'll carry with a song."

ALL-INCLUSIVE LOVE

St. John, xvii.

Sweet as celestial music is the prayer
Christ offered for His own on that last night!
Through all the interwoven notes, the bright,
Clear, all-inclusive tone of love, so fair,
So beautiful, is heard in measures rare.
Like waves upon the sea, it breaks with might,
Like rays from brightest sun, it sheds its light;
The unity, the power He prayed for, these
In ever-widening circles must increase
Until in its embrace the world is claimed.
The human ties that bind men must not cease,
For every link of intercourse is framed
To be the bond for all-inclusive love
That binds humanity to God above.

THE QUIET HOUR

Lord, in the stillness of the quiet hour
May I hear Thee and learn Thy blessed will.
Oh, let Thy voice my inmost being thrill;
And for my weakness, grant to me Thy power.
I see the clouds above my pathway lower,
Yet, if I still Thy sovereign word fulfill
Thy voice will bid life's wildest storms be still,
And evermore rich blessings Thou wilt shower:
Then grant that from this hour where Thee I meet
I may go forth to know Thou'rt ever near;
So shall I find my work for Thee replete
With blessedness, and all my way appear
An upward, heavenward path that gives to me
Sweet converse till at last Thy face I see.

HAND AND SOUL

Suggested by Dante Gabriel Rossetti's *Hand and Soul*.

The love of fame called forth incessant toil
That knew no respite till the prize was won.
When fame was mine the work that I had done
Seemed but a leaden weight my peace to spoil.
Had selfish aim made life such barren soil?
Would work of moral greatness make me shun
Earth's praise, and from the voice of fame recoil?
Yes, unimpassioned work my efforts foil!
My anguished cry was: "Fame and faith have
failed!"

Then spake a voice as mine own soul and said:
"Fame failed thee for thou didst seek but fame,
And that it was unmixed with love faith paled.
When powers of hand and soul serve God instead
His peace and blessing shall attend thy name."

STRENGTH FOR THE WAY

Deut. xxxiii: 25.

A path I saw where darksome shadows lay.
I thought it could not be that rugged path was mine;
The shades were deep; I wanted light to shine;
The way seemed long to tread in life's short day,
I would that I might here 'mid pleasures stay,
Nor bruise my tender feet ere day's decline.
When love had bound life's cares with tendrils
fine

About my heart, I gladly walked the way;
The burden lightened as I onward went;
Or was my strength made equal to the task?
Then I recalled a promise to one sent;
Fulfilled in me 'twas all that I could ask;
The shoes of iron and brass were given to me,
And as my days I knew my strength would be.

HEARERS AND DOERS

Great souls are ever hearing some new call;
Perhaps some duty near at hand to do;
Or distant clarions call to service new;
But when, or where, or how the summons fall
If heard in lowly cot or princely hall,
Such souls, responsive, do their strength renew,
And with untiring zeal they will pursue
Their task; nor rest till they have finished all.
Such do the good and then the better see;
When this they see it too will be achieved;
From strength to strength their upward way will be,
For greater service greater strength received;
To duty's call they ceaselessly aspire;
To hear, then do, is what they most desire.

NO ROOM FOR FEAR

Trust thou in God, nor falter by the way:
For He is with thee and will keep thy feet
Lest thou should'st wander when life's tempests beat.
Wherever thou dost go He'll with thee stay;
Trust thou in Him; He will not let thee stray;
Nor shalt thou faint, oppressed by noontide heat:
But on thy way His Providence thou'lt greet
And learn to love Him more each passing day.
Thou cam'st not to thy place by accident;
'Tis God's wise plan that ever onward led.
And shall His will for thee bring discontent,
Or make thee falter now thy path to tread?
Say thou in every place, "The Lord is here";
With Him as guide, there is no room for fear.

ENVIRONMENT

Too oft we make our life's environment,
Which only should refine and make us pure,
A source of crushing grief; and we endure
The chastening rod, nor see that it was spent
To keep from danger and insure content.
Oh, child! although by anguish riven, be sure
That God doth lead. His leading will insure
A path where only *best* for you is sent.
And if you look be sure that you will find
Sweet roses may be gathered by the way,
And that fair flowers are for you entwined.
Then do not linger in life's clouded day,
But still obedient to your Lord's behest,
You'll find His plan for you is always best.

A NEW NAME

Rev. ii:17

And is an angel with a new white stone
In God's great quarries carving now my name?
And is it clear, and fair, and free from blame,
Are stains removed by blood that doth atone?
Perhaps the angel working there alone
Has marked the bitter trials as they came;
The utter failures that my life defame;
Temptations, too, that made my spirit groan.
May be he smiles when victories he writes,
Or sings for joy to mark my thankful heart.
'Twill soon be done, the jewelled name he writes,
Redeemed from sin, mine is a glorious part!
The stone, the name I'll take from Christ's own hand
With joy the angels may not understand.

A WILLOW TREE

A willow tree in lonely splendor grew,
And spread its stately branches far and wide.
When wind, or storm, or tempest fiercely tried
To mar its beauty and its strength subdue,
They only seemed to give it graces new;
When branches tossed and storms beat 'gainst its
 side,
Its roots held firm where living streams abide.
The sun, the storm, the early morning dew,
All served to give it strength and symmetry;
When winter's frosts had robbed it of each leaf,
And left its branches cold and gaunt and bare:
From loss like that I questioned could there be
Aught that would compensate? Spring brought re-
 lief,
For in its growth all seasons had a share.

THE STORM

I looked into a starless sky last night,
Where dark and heavy clouds hung thick and low;
A storm soon raged, and winds began to blow;
The rain beat on my window-pane with might.
I, restless, tossed and wished for morning light;
But day broke cheerless, dull, and gray, and no
Sign gave of ceasing storm or sunlight's glow;
The rain-drenched world was dreary in my sight,
But long before the evening shades were nigh
The rainbow shone with colors bright and clear.
The scattering clouds displayed a sunlit sky,
And the rain-drenched, storm-swept earth was then
not drear.
The bow of promise and the setting sun
Had made a dark day bright ere it was done.

COMMON MERCIES

How rich the blessings God hath given me!
Unnumbered mercies meted out each day;
While glad surprises greet me on my way;
In all life's common things I now can see
With pure and simple joy a beauty free;
The light with loveliness in every ray,
The fleecy clouds that near the mountains stray;
The matchless splendor of the emerald sea;
The peace that robes the everlasting hills;
The rest that comes on level, fertile plains;
The garden that the air with fragrance fills;
The charm of music with its glad refrain;
The friends that lift my earth-born soul above,—
All speak to me of God, and He is love.

BARRIERS

The women at that first glad Eastertide,
As they approached the tomb where Jesus lay,
To one another in their need would say:
“Who will roll back the stone?” They could not
guide

Its ponderous weight. The door was open wide,
Nor need they use their feeble strength that day,
For angel hands had rolled the stone away.
The lesson taught forever must abide:
The various hindrances the Christian meets
Are those which need not cause him anxious fear,
For if it be a God-given task he greets,
Through barriers as mountain heights may rear,
He can remove them, for Jehovah will
In earth and heaven His sovereign word fulfill.

THE RISEN LORD

Two walked to Emmaus, and on the way
They talked of what, to them, was deepest night.
And shall we wonder that they saw no light,
When love and faith were given Him who lay
In guarded tomb? "We hoped 'twas He," they say,
"Who should redeem our nation with His might."
They cast on cherished, empty dreams their sight
Nor knew it was the first glad Easter day:
And He, the risen Christ, their sorrows knew;
He walked with them and talked about their grief,
Then from the Scriptures brought new things to
view,
Till faith grew strong and hope brought sure relief;
And when they knew to whom they'd given heed
Their glad cry was: "The Lord is risen, indeed!"

THE SOVEREIGNTY OF GOD

O church of Christ, why have you doubting fears
Lest in the fight Right will not victor be?
Turn to the page of history and see
How oft the sovereign hand of God appears.
"Twill prove that He your supplication hears,—
When evil threatens to o'erwhelm 'tis He
Who breaks its might and makes bold error flee.
Yield not to dark despair or blinding tears:
In the confusion of life's darkest day,
Though in the unequal conflict Right may yield,
Look then upon the battlefield and say:
"Right, wounded in the strife, shall soon be healed,
For here is God's almighty sovereign hand,
And He shall put to flight Wrong's armed band."

TRUE GRATITUDE

I planted in the soil a tiny seed:
The warm rain fell upon the mellow mould,
And the bright sunshine kept it from the cold;
The seed was vital, and, from bondage freed,
When finding thus provision for its need,
It grew, and with its growth became more bold,
And one by one its leaves it did unfold.
Then gladly did this tiny plantlet feed
Upon the air, the sunshine and the dew,
Until in humble gratitude there sprung
From out its heart a bud that daily grew
Into a thing of beauty; and it wrung
From golden chalices its thankfulness,
For it had blossomed into perfectness.

SUNSHINE IN YOUR HOME

Bring sunshine with its gladness to your home.
There is no place on land or sea so dear!
The brightest light that shines afar and near,
The dazzling splendors of earth's grandest dome,
The charms of earth or sky or ocean's foam,
Are naught to what may greet you here.
Within the walls of home there is no fear
That lone, storm-tossed or weary you will roam.
Let Love's effulgence fill your inmost heart,
And shed its gleams of living light around!
For you may make all shades of fear depart.
Let joy and gladness everywhere abound;
Your light will shed a luster on each deed,
For Love's bright sunshine is life's sorest need.

DEAF

My world of sound by silence now is bound;
In vain it tries to wake my listening ear:
The music that I loved and voices dear
Are stilled; and I, to make my life redound
To that high calling which in man is found,
Reach out and long for power, lest days grow drear
And I, at last, find life is wasted here.
What may I do with days devoid of sound?
Shall He who formed the ear not hear my prayer?
Will He not break these fetters or give power
To do His pleasure; make my life-work fair?
What if I trust Him in each passing hour?
I'll find when these my restless doubtings cease
That life, though it be silent, may have peace.

ABOVE THE CLOUDS

'Twas damp and chill upon the mountain's face,
The clouds obscured the early morning light
And made my way seem like a gloomy night.
Laboriously I climbed, and sought to trace
In all the rocky, winding way a place
Where clouds hung not and where the path was
 bright;
But e'en that was hidden from my sight:
"The clouds have left the earth devoid of grace,"
I sighed, as wearily I upward climbed;
But when, at last, I turned my eyes above,
The glories of the universe combined
To fill my very soul with light and love.
Below me lay the clouds that were so drear,
While I was bathed in sunshine bright and clear.

HOURS OF VISION

Man tends to make his life a dull routine;
To walk a common highway thick with dust,
Where with oppressive dullness talents rust.
Yet, life should not his talents thus bemean,
But lift him where the highest good is seen;
When hours are dull with sameness let him trust
That luminous, exalted hours the crust
May break,—like clouds with rifts of light between,—
Till great realities of deathless might
Shall lift his thoughts above the things of time
And in a region of unclouded light,
Above the beaten track where he may climb,
He gains a wider, truer, grander view,
For man must have his hours of vision too.

NIGHT AND DAY

Among the monuments the sculptor wrought
So wondrously, is one of Night and Day.
He sunk in restless slumber doth portray
The Night: Day has a gleam of morning caught
And lifts himself for it awakening brought;
Unfinished stands this figure of the Day,
Some hindrance caused the Master's hand to stay
Its work. The limbs are partly carved, but naught
But blocked in marble are the head and face.
And there it stands,—imperfect, incomplete,—
In it a semblance of the work we do:
Dumb prophecy of perfectness! At best
A wondrous fragment,—while with hopes replete
The ideal waiteth to be manifest.

HOPE

Sad Disappointment and a wild Despair
Had cast about my life a darksome gloom,—
With a shade more awful than silent tomb.
To depths of night they did my spirit bear
And left me wrestling with my anguish there.
Yet in the midnight blackness of that room,—
Too densely black to let the shadows loom,—
Where I lay weak and all too numb for prayer
Bright Hope, my constant star, shone over me.
Led by her beams I fixed my eyes on high,
And seeing her, what could my darkness be?
It seemed she drew me to her and so nigh
I came that shadows vanished in her light,
And when she kissed my cheek my world was bright.

THE MELODIES THAT ANGELS SING

The songs of earth are sweet, but sweeter far
Than these are melodies the angels sing.
They come in life's perplexities and bring
Their hymns of peace no earthly strife can mar;
And in the night-time, when all sound and jar
Are stilled, I hear their tuneful changes ring;
They bear my spirit on celestial wing
Until in fancy I have crossed Time's bar
And entered regions of eternal bliss.
But they, the messengers the Father sends,
From fairer clime to cheer my soul in this,
Sing their sweet songs that tell how God defends
And comforts every soul that trusts Him still;
Their sweetest melodies reveal His will.

REFINING

Beneath a molten mass the fierce fire burned.
One asked: "You'd see the silver ore refined,
Freed from the dross that with it is combined?"
So great the heat I thought that he had spurned
The metal's worth—its value had not learned!
He watched the seething mass with placid mind,
Yet to its value surely was not blind,
For when the heat was fiercest, oft he turned
And looked into the vat that held the ore.
At last he looked,—a smile o'erspread his face;—
"The furnace heat," he said, "we'll need no more."
"How knew you, friend, when fire should have no
place?"
" 'Tis when I see my face reflected there
The drossless silver is refined and fair."

LIFE'S SONG

Sometimes life's chords are in the minor key;
Ofttimes a joyous major rules our way;
More oft life's common chord will make our day
One feeble, unattuned monotony.
We wonder if from out the chords there be
A finished and harmonious song to play.
If in our lives the Master has full sway
He'll tune our heartstrings into harmony.
Then, when at last He plays the finished song,
'Twill be a perfect and harmonious whole.
The monotones we'll find are not too long
When accent gives them a melodious roll;
While minor chords will help to make more bright
The major tones, and mold the song just right.

MUSIC

I

Divinest Art! First of God's gifts so grand;
With Earth some gleams of Heaven you surely
twine!

Before man trod the Eden garden fine,
Or voice was heard in new-created land,
Sweet music had a place made by God's hand:
A myriad tones did with the winds combine,
And joy laughed ever in the Spring's sunshine;
Melodiously the waves broke on the strand;
With deepest bass the ocean's bed was stored;
An orchestra was in the seashell's play;
While from the gentlest zephyr there was poured
Through forest leaves a pleasing roundelay;
Magnificent and grand heaven's arches rang
Their chimes when "morning stars together sang."

II

Some part God gave to each created thing:
The insect, bird and beast did voice upraise;
Perhaps the plants and flowers, too, sang His praise;
And then to join that chorus He would bring
A voice more sweet than creature tones could sing.
And man's voice joined that glorious song of days
With voice attuned to the celestial lays.

He in whose life was breath of God, could wing
His song to join where angel voices sung
Celestial praise to mark Creation's birth.
Was ever chorus with such changes rung?
Has even Heaven heard more joyous mirth?
When the redeemed, unscathed by death, shall rise
Shall such melodious music fill the skies?

III

Soon a discordant tone that music marred,
For man had sinned. The heart, the voice, the life,
Had lost their music and were filled with strife.
When harmony with God was lost, the hard,
Unnatural tones were all to man unbarred.
Perhaps till then all melody was rife
With major tones; no minor like a knife
Had pierced the heart or touched life's woes with
 nard:

For perfect bliss knows only gleams of light.
Through Nature, too, some subtle changes surged,
And more sad tones joined those so sweet and bright,
For much of minor with her songs was merged.
Oh, woe to Earth that discord thus should come,
Or voice 'mid perfect harmonies be dumb!

IV

Of perfect harmonies no more a part,
Still melodies were left for man to know:

He listened to the sea, the winds, the low
Sweet murmur of the rustling leaves; his heart
Gleaned much from kindly Nature's open mart.
The insects, birds and beasts gave help and so
With painful groping through the dark, oh, slow
But surely, though from lowly round his start,
He sought God's perfect harmony to gain.
Did Nature, God's own handiwork, teach, too,
That strife can make the sweetest song a pain,
And it were best the Creator's will to do?
Oh, man redeemed, you'll find that Art is long
Before you climb to Heaven's perfect song!

V

And upward striving, Art through centuries long
With loving zeal, if not a full content,
Has toiled with voice and varied instrument,
That it at last might grasp the perfect song.
Sometimes 'neath Master's hand I've thought it
wrong

To fancy music's power more grand. That spent
Were years to Art's exacting service lent,
And that the prize was won: Celestial throng
Could surely yield no sweeter strain! "Not yet!"
The Master says; "heights reach beyond my grasp!"
And strenuously he strives the prize to get.
'Twere joy such height to reach, such prize to clasp!
When man has gained ideal perfectness
He'll know how God's supremest gift can bless.

VI

Yes, now with deep, mysterious, magic spell
Sweet music's strains my inmost being thrill,
And speak a varied language so to fill
Each tone with meaning only it can tell.
Its themes are mountain heights or quiet dell;
The roaring cataracts or the whirring mills;
Dull stretch of desert sand or wooded hills;
It on the raging battle's sounds may dwell;
It tells the softer tones of Nature too:
The drip of raindrops or the rustling leaves
Can picture star-lit night or falling dew;
The moaning wind that through the forest grieves.
Oh, Nature, you have been a teacher true
In Art's wide field she has learned much of you.

VII

Not perfect yet? You wing an onward flight?
Yet now you touched the depths of human woe,
And wakened longings that my heart doth know;
You touched a secret spring and brought to light
The sacred sorrows that I held so tight,
And memories I had buried years ago;
Then when you grieved for loss that hurt me so,
I felt my life had suffered awful blight;
But by some subtle power like fond caress,
You showed me all the joys my life had known:

The calm, the sacred peace, the blessedness,
Till joys to glorious ecstasy were grown.
No power so touches every spring of life
As that with which your melodies are rife.

VIII

Then, too, by note that most persuasive plays,
My thoughts you lift toward the Infinite.
Some power, not of earth, you must transmit
To this my inmost soul; for all my days
Of toil and anxious care for what earth pays
Seem naught compared with life by wisdom lit.
Play on, O Music! Still play on! You fit
My soul for higher service by your lays.
I knew not what Earth needed till you played:
'Tis more of converse with eternal things;
A light on earthly things that will not fade;
The joy that harmony with God doth bring.
If one would know of Music how it grew
Its course was onward and still upward, too.

IX

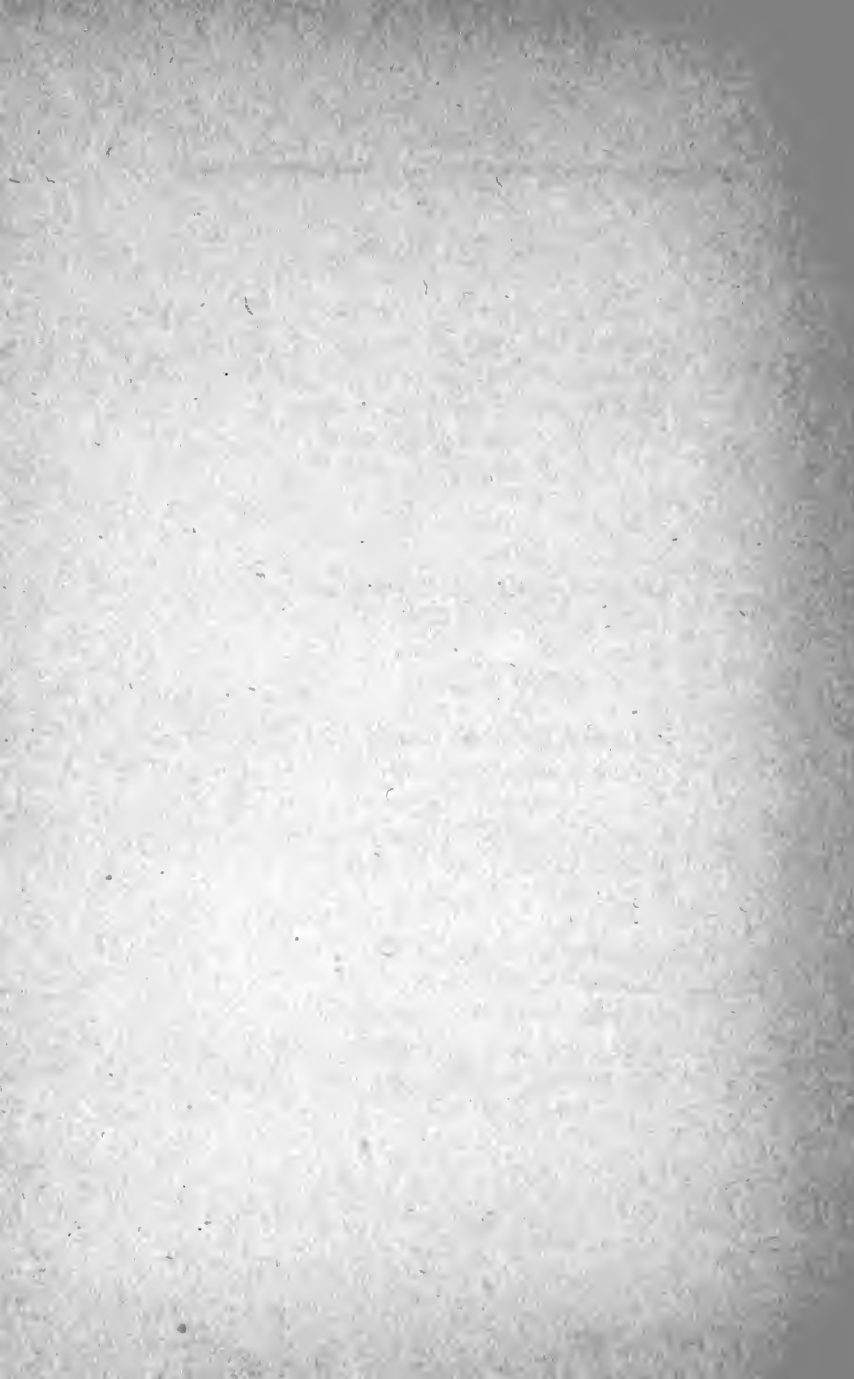
Then upward till with perfectness you're crowned!
But let your tones re-echo in my heart;
Your songs must have some note divine or Art
Becomes a transient thing, nor has it found,—
Though it has searched the whole, wide world
around,—
Its truest meaning or its basic start.

God-given Art must evermore impart,
Through instrument till inmost soul has found
The nature of the power that gave it birth.
You ask me whence and how sweet music sprung?
Its basic tone is God; 'tis heavenly mirth;
Throughout created space its power is rung!
That technic fails which has no note divine,—
Art must be true that would man's heart refine.

X

With deathless might, with power divine you'll sing
When Art's ideal 's reached. Then Music's flight
Will grasp the strength of God, and claim a right
To its inheritance. And Heaven will ring
With shouts of joy to note the praise you bring.
Then Music! perfect, perfect Music! Height
Regained at last shall echo Music's might!
Oh, Art is long,—yet on celestial wing
It speeds its flight to realms of perfectness
Where instrument, and voice, and heart, and soul,
In perfect harmony are joined to bless
And show in beauty the perfected whole.
With Earth some gleams of Heaven you always
twine,—
Oh, Music! let your Art our Earth refine!

Poems



Poems

THE SEA GULL

Bird of the tireless wing,
Onward and onward you go!
Do you not weary grow,
Wish for your wand'rings to cease,
Or are you searching for peace,
Bird of the sea?

Bird of the tireless wing,
Gracefully skimming the air!
Do you feel safe 'neath His care,
Ruler of wind and of wave,
That you're so fearlessly brave,
Bird of the sea?

Bird of the tireless wing,
Riding so calmly the wave!
Have you no fear lest your grave
'Neath those dark waters be found?
Storms on the ocean abound,
Bird of the sea!

Bird of the tireless wing,
Onward and still onward go!
Only the weak weary grow;
Wish for their wand'rings to cease;
One guides your flight who says, "Peace,"
Bird of the sea!

AMONG THE ROCKIES

There, aloft on sky and mountain, bathed in sun-
light's golden sheen,
With their grand, majestic teachings, God's great
pictures may be seen.

And I think I ne'er can weary of the changing light
and shade
On those massive walls of granite which no human
hand hath made.

I have looked in early morning when the first faint
light appeared,
As the sun's rays touched the mountains where their
snow-capped heights upreared.

Seen their crowns of snow like incense tossed from
mountain-peak to cloud,
And the cloud send back its answer, rich with gifts
the heavens allowed.

Then when sunbeams bathed their summits in a sea
of glory bright,
All my soul was lost in wonder; praised I then the
God of light!

And I've stood upon the mountains when the shades
of evening fell;

When the clouds clung to the foothills, chained the
valley with their spell;

While on distant sun-touched summits shone a glory
never sung!—

Glad was I to share their brightness, high above
where clouds were hung!

And I've watched the distant mountains gather
opalescent hue,

Ever changing, ever paling, yet with beauty ever
new,

Till the sun sunk 'neath the mountains; left the
earth to her long rest;

While the shadows lengthened, deepened, until dark-
ness claimed the west.

And not only do the heavens join the earth in daily
praise,

But when daylight yields to night-shades, still their
voices they upraise.

Then the moon in her pale splendor seems to call
the hosts of night,

And a myriad stars sing ever as they shine above so
bright.

And the mountains, firm and changeless, are the
 "everlasting hills,"
Towering heavenward, pointing upward, teaching
 that God all fulfils.

Oft I've wondered as I've gazed upon those moun-
 tain peaks so grand,
Why a wise Creator left them hid so long in this our
 land?

As Time's mighty cycles numbered untold ages
 passing by,
Was no eye prepared to witness scenes so grand or
 peaks so high?

Then I've thought how earth's great shudder at
 Creation's awful shock
Hurled her massive, molten masses; piled her
 mountains, bent her rock.

But those crude, chaotic rock-heaps still were in
 Creation's hand;
There was chiseling, drilling, sculpturing ere they
 might as finished stand.

So the ice, and snow, and raindrops drilled the can-
 yons dark and deep;
Shaped the rocks and marked the gorges, made the
 falls where waters leap;

Then kind Nature gave her verdure, taught the
trees and shrubs to grow;
Let the flowers drink from the sun's rays till his
deepest dyes they show.

Now they stand, sublime, majestic, the work of
Time's most patient hand,
And the forces Nature uses to complete a plan so
grand.

Oh, my soul! dost thou grow restless, call life's path
a toilsome way?
Wish thy perfecting less irksome, long the chastening
rod to stay?

Thy Creator knows thy crudeness; He would have
thee perfect, too;
These thy chastenings but refine thee; make thee to
thy pattern true.

In thy life He'd see reflected all the virtues of His
own,
That radiance of His presence shall attest thou'rt
like Him grown.

Shall His plan perfect the mountains and neglect
thy growth, O Soul?
Work for thee will not be finished until thou art
perfect, whole.

CANYON FLOWERS

There's a hot and sandy desert,
Sunlit, with no shadowy gloom,
Where only the sage and the cacti
And the yucca plants will bloom.

But there where the desert mountain
Has been cleft by stupendous powers,
In the depths of a shadowy canyon
Are ferns and the rarest flowers.

In sorrow's shades some blossoms grow
Sweet, fragrant and with beauty rare,
And all the glare of life's sunlit days
Could yield naught so wondrous fair.

A LESSON FROM THE LIFE OF
HELEN KELLER

In thy still world there floats no sound:
The rustle of the forest leaves;
The drip of raindrops from the eaves;
The sounds which everywhere abound,

Are lost in stillness in thy life.
The magic of the spoken word
Thy inmost heart has never stirred,
Nor know'st thou with what power 'tis rife.

The opening buds of early spring,
The glories of a summer day,
Nor autumn's charms can e'er convey
The wondrous beauties which they bring.

Those sightless eyes have never seen
The faces here so dearly loved;
Only the skillful touch has proved
That they are known, although unseen.

There is no greater loss than sight,
Nor deeper woe than to be deaf;
But though of sight and sound bereft,
Thou art in touch with much that's bright.

Indeed, thy world so dark and still
Hath much that makes a life complete:
With earthly knowledge thou'rt replete,
And thy pure soul may drink its fill

From fountains that can quench all thirst.
Thou tastest joys of sight and sound
With patience known the world around.
No chaos now, as at the first,

For silence, darkness, lost control,
Nor can they bind thy spirit more;
For thou hast gained life's richest store,
The treasures of the mind and soul.

A world unfelt, unseen, unheard;
A universe we may explore,
Awaits us with abundant store:
I wonder that we are not stirred

To pierce beyond the narrow bound
Of what our sense perceptions know,
Touch larger, grander truths and so
See more of God in all around.

WHAT IS LIFE?

Oh, what is life?
I long to know its chiefest joy;
To find its gold without alloy;
To know its peace without its strife
And find it is with blessings rife.
Say, what is life?
Oh, mother, tell your child!

True life is love.
In love you'll find life's chiefest joy;
The only gold without alloy;
'Twill give you peace in wildest strife,
With rarest blessings fill your life;
For life is love,
And love is life, my child.

ALONE

Far from the home and the land of my childhood,
Over great mountains, and rivers, and plains,
How the miles lengthen as memory pictures
All the fond hopes that the dear past contains.

Hopes of my childhood now cruelly blighted;
Friends of my youth sundered far from me, too,
Life's best endeavor seems only waste effort,
When I recall all I wanted to do.

Often I ask and I fain would be answered,
Where did I fail in my life's sacred trust?
Not in neglecting the duties that bound me,
Oh! surely, not that I failed to be just.

Well do I know that I gave love's full measure,
Emptied the heart of the best of its store;
Mind, hand and heart ever gave to the utmost,—
What could be asked of my feeble strength more?

Weary, alone, and afar from my kindred,
How my heart yearns for the comforts of home!
Will its blest joys all my life be denied me,
And evermore shall I wander alone?

THE SUMMER TIME

When with thee 'twas summer time,
Love, 'twas summer then;
Now 'tis winter cold and bare
In my leafy glen.

Love, you left me lonely here;
Gone, the sunshine bright!
You the only light that shone
Gone,—there's only blight.

Cold to me the world has grown;
Love and happiness
Were bound in thee, my light, my life,
Now there's naught to bless.

When with thee 'twas summer time
Now life's joys are flown,
And my world so bright, so dear,
Has to winter grown.

NEW YEAR'S EVE

While the shades of night were falling,
In my room I sat alone;
Heeding not the snowflakes flying,
Nor the cold wind's dreary moan.

Long I sat there, musing idly,
Thinking of the vanished years;
Counting as they passed by slowly
All their joys, and griefs, and fears.

And I wondered if the chastening
That the years had brought to me
Were the Master's own wise planning,
Not the loss it seemed to be.

I had proved His strong hand guiding
Through long, anxious, care-filled years;
Could I ever doubt His leading,
Though I saw the path through tears?

Then I thought a voice so loving
That it warmed and cheered my heart
Said: "My child, I know thy grieving,
And have marked thy teardrops start.

“Yet I would not have thee burdened
With a weight thou should'st not bear;
I will lift it, that unhindered
Thou may'st walk without this care.

“And be sure thy work awaits thee.
Canst thou trust though dark the way?
I am ever near to guide thee,
And will lead to brighter day.

“Even now a New Year 's dawning,—
It is fraught with hope for you;
And God's plan for aye unfolding
Shall be seen in what you do.”

From my heart a load seemed lifted;
Hope gleamed in my darkened night;
Oh, that Christ were fully trusted!
He could make my pathway bright.

I will cast my burden on Him,
Nor this dawning glad New Year
Will with my selfish grief bedim
While my Friend and Guide is near.

THE BELLS

Listen to the clanging bells!
How their joyful music swells!
Oh, they ring a merry chime,
For it is the Christmas time!
'Tis a song of peace and gladness
That the clanging bells are ringing;
Far and near their message flinging
Of release from sin and sadness.

Oh, the merry Christmas bells!
And the joy their ringing tells!
Listen as the music swells,—
Listen to the bells, sweet bells!

Yes, they ring of blessed peace,
And of love that must increase;
For the Christ-child long ago
Came to earth that man might know
How to find release from sorrow;
And the joy God's love is giving
Links our little hour of living
To His own glad, bright to-morrow.

Oh, the merry Christmas bells!
And the joy their ringing tells!
Listen as the music swells,—
Listen to the bells, sweet bells!

THE LIGHT OF THE STAR

Over all the world to-night
Peace is telling of the light
That, brightly shining long ago,
Told the shepherds where to go;
How to find the lowly manger,
And the Christ-child, still a stranger
To the meaning of the presage
In the angels' joyful message.

Still the star doth shed its light,
Scattering all the hosts of night;
And its light still brightly shining
Is our weary world refining,
Leading it to truth and right.

Over all the world to-night
Shines a pure and holy light;
'Tis the light that came to earth
With the holy Christ-child's birth.
Still that light, so well combining
Peace and love and joy, is shining:
Every year 'tis brighter, clearer,
And to us a little dearer.

Still the star doth shed its light,
Scattering all the hosts of night;

And its light still brightly shining
Is our weary world refining,
Leading it to truth and right.

Over all the world to-night
Love doth shed a warning light,
And the hearts grown hard and cold,
When the Christmas story 's told,
Find it easy to be kinder,
For it comes as a reminder
That the love that makes men brothers
Shows itself in deeds for others.

Still the star doth shed its light,
Scattering all the shades of night;
And the light still brightly shining
Is our weary world refining,
Leading it to truth and right.

Over all the world to-night
Joy doth shed its radiance bright.
'Tis the joy that loving gives,
And in giving love still lives.
God's great gift to man brought gladness,
Where erstwhile was found but sadness;
For He gave heaven's richest blessing,
Thus His love to man confessing.

Still the star doth shed its light,
Scattering all the shades of night;
And the light still brightly shining
Is our weary world refining,
Leading it to truth and light.

CHRISTMAS BELLS

Ring, Christmas bells!
Ring sweet and low; ring loud and clear;
Your chimes shall gladden all who hear!
Peal out your message far and wide:
"Glory to God, to men goodwill!"
Christ comes with mortals to abide;
His wondrous birth gives gladness still.
 He comes to you,
 He comes to me,
Let every heart then own Him, King.

Ring *joy*, ye bells!
Earth's sorrows heal, her griefs assuage,
In heartfelt praise let all engage!
Where ever want and sin are found,
In lowly hut or princely hall;
Where envy, greed, and strife abound,
Let Christmas chimes ring out the call:
 His joy for you,
 His joy for me,
Accept the gift of joy to-day!

Ring *peace*, ye bells!
The peace the angel hosts proclaimed;
The peace at countless cost obtained.
Our gift from God, the Prince of Peace.

His scepter's sway "to men goodwill,"
Ring Christmas peace till sorrows cease,
Till life's unrest at last is still.

His peace for you,
His peace for me,
Drink deep, drink deep of Christmas peace.

Ring *hope*, ye bells!
The hope to Israel long foretold;
The only hope for young or old.
If lives be sunk in deep despair,
Nor see a rift in clouds that lower;
Oh, lift the burdens that they bear,
Through faith-filled skies ring thy glad hour!
There's hope for you,
There's hope for me,
Sad heart, while heaven's King reigns, there's
hope!

Ring *love*, ye bells!
The love that tells of Him who gave
His only Son our race to save.
Oh, warm our hearts, that love may be
Our gift to Christ; our service sweet!
In His great love may we then see
A gift for friend or foe most meet.
His love for you,
His love for me,
Oh, matchless, boundless gift of love!

Then ring, ye bells!
Ring clear your messages of cheer
Till all men, everywhere shall hear!
Ring *joy*, and *peace*, and *hope*, and *love*;
Echo the angels' song of old;
Join our weak praise to that above
Until to all the story 's told!
 They ring for you,
 They ring for me,
They ring goodwill to all mankind.

A BIRTHDAY MEDITATION

But yesterday I closed the book,—
My last year-book,—'twas written through;
I scanned each page with a careful look,
To see that each was written true,
Ere in the past it took repose;
And there I found that every day,
From the year's beginning to its close,
Had linked *to-day* with *yesterday*.

Each new day linked with its sweet song
The melodies of days gone by;
I turned a backward look along
The years that in my childhood lie;
And there I found life's song begun;
I onward came where music sweet,
'Mid some sad minor tones was sung;
But all were joined by rhythm beat.

Each hour had given its note, each day
Had yielded up a single phrase,
Each year had a finished part to play.
But every year those rhythmic lays
Were variations that would blend
The parts of an harmonious score;
And when life's years shall have an end
There'll be a broken song no more.

My part to make the tones each day
Complete, and definite, and true,
And when harmonious roll doth sway
The finished score 'twill give a new
And better meaning to the lay.
Then life as *yesterday* I'll view;
Eternity will be *to-day*,
And to Earth's song add raptures new.

LOVEST THOU ME?

How loving, how searching, how wondrously dear
The voice of the Master; it sounded so clear
To erring disciple: "Lovest thou me?"
And Simon made answer, "I dearly love Thee."
All love seeks expression, and if it be true
'Twill ever be ready for something to do:
A sequence we find in the Master's reply,
A standard for testing such loyalty by:
"Feed my sheep."

Again rose the Master's voice: "Lovest thou me?"
And once more the answer, "I dearly love Thee."
"With a warm, longing love, lovest thou me?"
"Thou knowest all things, knowest well I love Thee."
He thrice asked the question, thrice Peter replied,—
More steadfast he seemed than when he denied,—
It grieved him the Master need so often ask
For pledge of devotion,—its proof till the last:
"Feed my sheep."

To-day that same question He's asking of you:
By your deeds is it seen that your love's warm and
true?
A test of your loyalty surely we find
In the place His commandments have in your mind.

For as sure as your Saviour is really loved,
By life and by words will that love be proved.
Hear the Shepherd of men still lovingly call!
Will you haste to the rescue; save some ere they fall?
Feed His sheep?

How many have wandered away from the fold!
What myriads there are who have never been told
Of the fold and the Shepherd of safety and rest!
Do you long for a place where you may do your best
The world to lift upward, the lost to redeem?
Let your life be ever a steadfast gleam,
A light in the darkness, a guide to the fold,
For He is your light and that story of old
Feeds His sheep.

ON THE BEACH

Genevieve, we were but children
When we first played on the sand;
Chasing the waves of the ocean,
Then running swiftly to land;

Climbing the rocks and in wonder
Watching the incoming tide;
Climbing still higher and waiting,
You feeling safe by my side.

When the waves 'round us were dashing,
Lashing milk-white the sea-foam,
Your tiny hand found a refuge,—
Has mine, since then, been its home?

Ah, trusting heart! from your childhood
You've never lost faith in me!
Life's storms have sometimes blown rudely:
You've trusted still, I could see.

Here by the sea I once asked you
Life's storm to brave by my side;
Have you been sorry, my darling,
Even at trouble's high tide?

Brightly you've sung in the sunshine
And bravely you've breasted the gale;
You've kept your hand on the rudder,
And I've had no wrecks to bewail.

Soon will our fragile bark anchor
Where there'll be no tide's ebb and flow;
No dash of waves on the breakers,
No storms and no winds to blow.

Look! for we've sighted our haven,
And bright is its evergreen shore!
Some things, dear heart, we must leave here
Life's best will live evermore!

Life's nearest and dearest we'll claim there
In that place of joy and no fear;
And the love that has guided us onward
Will be in the Homeland more dear.

THE KELP BEDS

Look! for in the world of water
Are the gardens of the sea!
Kelp and mosses there are growing,
Seaweed and anemone.

Born where slanting rays of sunshine
Drift through green and trembling walls,
There they live and catch the brightness
As the rainbow shower falls.

In the cooling depths of ocean,
Where the waves around them play;
Where they hear a myriad voices
And the sea calls all the day;

Guarded by His hand they dwell there
Who has given the sea its bound.
In the deep men sought for wonders
And these beauteous gardens found.

In the great strong sea they're planted
Safe where angels vigil keep!
Beautiful these ocean flowers;
They're God's gardens of the deep.

THE HEART OF THE ROSE

I looked on this rose: 'twas a sweet budding story
With the dew of the morning still sparkling in glory,
With a fragrance refreshing, and a beauty entrancing,
While delicate tints all its charms were enhancing.

I breathed of its fragrance; was charmed with its
 beauty;
To be lovely and sweet was its life's only duty!
Yet modestly, tightly, its petals enfolding,
It kept there its heart from the gay world's beholding.

I longed to unfold them and then read its story;
Could aught so allure that 'twould show all its glory?
The sun touched its cheek and with fond love's
 caressing
He wooed it and won it with warm kisses pressing.

Till into his face smiled the rose in its beauty
It had found love's request but a beautiful duty.
Through a halo of brightness I then read its story,
I looked in its heart, saw the rose in its glory.

IN MEMORY OF FRANCES E. WILLARD

Entered into Life, Feb. 18, 1898.

Her beauteous work, we say, is o'er;
On earth her voice will sound no more;
Her busy hands are folded now,
All peaceful is her quiet brow.
A nation, aye, a world, I ween,
Now mourns our honored, uncrowned queen
Who from her labors here set free
Has heard: "Come home; I've need of thee."

Love's alabaster box she brake
On Christ and His for His dear sake;
With power He alone can give,
She taught the fallen how to live
A nobler, purer, better life;
She rescued where sin's curse was rife
A myriad souls from darkest night,
And led them forth in paths of light.

The women, too, a world-wide host
Who singly could no triumph boast,
She organized into a band
"For God, and Home, and Native Land";
And Purity's own badge they wear,
Her rescue work, now, thousands share;
They mourn to-day that she, their star,
Must leave them when the gates unbar.

Yet, though she's gone from us away,—
Though dearly loved, she might not stay,—
Her work and words will still remain,
And memory keep without a stain
Life's record of our honored dead;
And, looking through the tears we shed,
We'll know, with crystal gates ajar,
Her peace triumphant naught can mar.

GOD BLESS YOU, MY DARLING CHILD

In my childhood's rosy morn,
When the days were long, long days,
Each to fairy fancies born,
And the sun in brightest rays
On my pathway ever smiled,
Oft a voice said, sweet and low:
"God bless you, my darling child."

When the mother-love had given
All that heart or hand could give,
Still her yearning heart was driven
To ask more that I might live
Fair, and pure, and undefiled;
This her benediction mild:
"God bless you, my darling child."

When as maiden childhood's morn
Had given place to fuller life,
And the days were only born
To fill life with blessings rife;
Still her love indulgent smiled,
While her voice said, sweet and mild:
"God bless you, my darling child."

And when life's stern duties pressed
And my days were filled with care,

When I scarce knew what was best,
That life's burden I might bear;
Though the days with cares were piled,
Said her saddened voice more mild:
"God bless you, my darling child."

When life's sorrows pressed my soul,
And earth's darkest clouds had lowered;
Softly to my side she stole
And no earthly blessings showered
Could have touched my grief so wild;
By this I was reconciled:
"God bless you, my darling child."

Now that her sweet voice is stilled
And no more the yearning heart
With its loving pity filled,
Can its healing balm impart;
Memory sees the face that smiled,
Hears her voice so sweet and mild:
"God bless you, my darling child."

And I know there'll come a day
When with clearer eye I'll see
All the meaning of life's way.
Kept from harm, I'll surely be
Ever pure and undefiled,
For she prayed in voice so mild:
"God bless you, my darling child."

STORM CLOUDS

I sadly watch the leaden sky
And see the bending trees near by;
The angry raindrops ceaseless fall,
Storm-swept are grass, and flower, and all.

Alone, I gaze upon the scene,
With heart bowed low, I long to glean
Some message that to me could give
New meaning to the days I live.

The darkness deepens, night comes down,
Faint gleam the lights about the town;
The lightning flashes in the sky
And speaks another storm-cloud night.

The hours pass slowly by, until
The storm has ceased and all is still;
Then one by one the stars shine bright,
Till morning dawns and all is light.

Oh, laden heart! dark is thy night,
And clouds of sorrow dim thy sight;
Dost know thy faithful guide canst lead
Midst gloom or light and meet thy need?

Perfect my trust; my faith make strong;
Give hope e'en though the way be long;
I'll walk by faith if not by sight,
Assured my morning will be bright.

LOVE CANNOT LOSE ITS OWN

A mother, strong in all that makes
Her many virtues blest!
Of all the types of womanhood
Such mothers are the best!

I found her as she sat apart,
On one sad autumn day,
Bowed by the weight of four-score years
Of Time's relentless sway.

Strong she had been, yes, strong and true,
A rough path she had trod;
But now life's sorrows wounded sore,
They seemed a chastening rod.

Would that the message that I brought
Were not an added grief!
Would that the words that I would speak
Could bring her some relief!

In pitying tenderness I told
How once again Death's hand
Had reached from out the shadowy gloom
And claimed for Heaven's land

Another of her children dear,—
For all were children still,
And she had loved them doubly well
Their father's place to fill.

Now as those words fell from my lips,
I wondered, could her grief
Find vent in tears or wild despair,
Or what could bring relief?

So calmly did she look at me,
I questioned had she heard?
Her dim eyes searched me wonderingly,
And yet she had not stirred;

Then fell her voice, not sounding clear
But very far away;
It seemed to be her soul that spoke
Through human lips that day.

“There once were seven,—but four are gone.
It is the larger half,—
Yes, *four* have joined their father now,—
They're far the larger half!”

I knew her ears had heard my words,
Her mind had felt their smart;
But love in grappling for its own
Had rent her inmost heart.

She was too numb for conscious thought,
Too calmly still to moan;
But in her eyes I read full well
That love still held its own.

I knew that unseen hands were laid
Upon her life,—her love;
Some held her firm with earthly ties,
Some beckoned up above.

“Yes, four are with their father now,
And three are left me here;
But still they’re seven,” her heart spoke true,
“Some living here, some there.”

Oh, mother heart! keep well your joy,
Love cannot lose its own!
Your children still are seven, I say,
Though you should walk alone.

“The larger half” is over there,
And soon I know you’ll say:
“Father and I and children seven
Enjoy love’s endless day.”

OUR BOY

A little while God lent to us
The darling whom we love;
And then He took that little life
Up to His home above.

The pain, the grief, the little grave,
Seem all that now are left;
There's in our home a vacant place,
And, oh, we feel bereft!

But well we know the love we gave
Is deathless in its might;
And that it lives for him, our boy,
Though he has left our sight.

God surely could not take His gift;
Our boy is ours above;
And we are richer that he came,
Blest both in life and love.

He lives in gladness in God's sight;
We wait still longer here,
And then we'll meet in Heaven above,
Where joy is and no tear.

THE IROQUOIS THEATER FIRE

Mysterious, dread and awful sight!
Thick darkness of excessive light
Has left this army of our fair
All lifeless in its clutches there!
Our city's wrapped in midnight gloom,—
Six hundred dead! Oh, fearful doom!

The very air its pity throbs;
The city's heart is rent with sobs;
Its homes are draped in blackened pall,
With crushing weight this grief doth fall;
For these were gay with life at noon,—
So young, so fair, and dead so soon!

A city lists the mournful knell;
Her broken heart's the funeral bell;
As 'mid the winter's icy cold
She lays her loved ones in the mould.
Will light e'er shine on night like this,
Our city wake to life and bliss?

TO _____

ON THEIR SIXTY-FIRST WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

Dear friends of mine, what may I say
To cheer you on your wedding day?
The joyful wish on days like this
I'm sure is not devoid of bliss.
And you to friends and neighbors dear
Have listened oft with willing ear,
While they have wished you many a year
Of earthly joy devoid of fear.

One more than three score years, you say,
Have passed since your first wedding day;
Since you as happy man and wife
With mutual love began your life:
To-day, with many a backward look,
You will review the path you took,
And tell how all life's hopes and fears
Gave place to peace which crowns the years.

You'll see how God led all the way
That brought you safe to this glad day;
Though rough sometimes the path you trod,
And though He used both staff and rod,
His wisdom chose the best for you:
He led where fruitful pastures grew,
Where still and quiet waters flowed,
And everywhere His love He showed.

Each year that marked your onward way
Held much that cannot know decay;
For each was dearer than the last,
Grown rich with memories of the past;
The silver sheen of all the years
Transformed by love so bright appears,
That it to-day sheds golden beams
As lustrous grown as diamond gleams.

Dear friends of mine, what shall I say
To cheer you on this wedding day?
May I not make this wish for you:
That all the gladness old and new
Shall join to make this year the best,
With more of joy than all the rest?
I cannot wish you more than this:
That God will grant you perfect bliss.

WHEN I LOOK BACK

The half of life, with all its toil and quest
Is gone. To-night I turn and backward look,
And as I gaze adown the path I took
I think I see fulfillment of the test:

Which would have been the best, God's will or mine?
Sometimes I would have wandered from the way
He pointed out; His love e'er made me stay.
Soon I could say: Not my way, Lord, but thine!

The quest for better things for mine and me
Hath often made His word and work less sweet;
But I have learned unless His will it meet,
That nothing truly great or good can be.

And if while still I tread the upward track
I ever doubt the wisdom of His will,
I'll follow where He leads, for there will still
Be proof His way is best, when I look back.

SCATTER THE FLOWERS

Scatter, oh, scatter the beautiful flowers!
They bring a joy to the sorrowing heart,
For like the rays from a bright colored rainbow
New hope and courage they ever impart.

Give one to each little child by the wayside;
Enter the homes of the weary and lone;
Go where the sick or the weary ones languish,
Go where sin needs divine love to atone;

Send them to prisoners in yonder dark prison,
Bearing a message from One who can save;
Show them, these wanderers, the bright rose of
Sharon,—
Surely His beauty each sad heart doth crave.

Scatter these germs of the beautiful freely
Wherever sorrow or sin leaves a blight;
Peace is the covenant message they carry,
That peace which makes life's darkest day bright.

Beautiful lessons they're everywhere teaching,
And when their beauty is faded and gone,
Out of the depths of the darkness they've brightened,
Wakes a new morning; a life's fairer dawn.

Scatter the flowers, then, scatter the flowers!

Send them to shatter earth's darkness and night,
Until throughout the whole world there is shining
Effulgent in brightness God's beautiful light.

A PRAYER

Lord, what I ask of Thee to-day
Is power to live aright;
Grant that in all things I may be
Well-pleasing in Thy sight.

Whatever work I find to do
May it be done for Thee;
Surely the work that Thou dost give
Must prove the best for me.

May what I say be true and right
And what will please Thee best.
If Thou wilt guard my lips, O Lord,
My words may meet that test.

Then make and keep me pure within,
Make every thought like Thine;
Unselfish, loving, gentle, true;
Then, with these virtues mine,

I may be used of Thee for good.
Keep me, O Lord, to-day,
So that each act, and word, and thought
May prove Thee, Lord, my stay.

ELIJAH

“Get thee hence and turn thee eastward,
Hide thyself by the brooklet Cherith;
There the birds of Heaven shall feed thee,
Thou shalt drink from the brooklet Cherith.”

’Tis Jehovah’s voice that calleth
Thee, His prophet, into hiding.
Canst thou trust *all* to His keeping,
All thy needs to His providing?

When the sun beats hot upon thee,
In those wild, lone desert places,
And the days and weeks pass slowly,
Does thy soul assume new graces?

Dost thou watch the brooklet failing?
Fear the ravens may not feed thee?
Or by trusting art grown stronger,
And content, since God doth lead thee?

Man of great heroic action,
Fearless, brave, of dauntless courage!
Here, does thy brave spirit fail thee,
Or these lonely days discourage?

Solitude is hardest service,
And severe thou'lt find thy trial;
But thou keep thy trust unshaken,
Thy faith can never know denial.

Gather strength for greater service,
In these days so calm and silent,
For Life's sternest duties wait thee,
And this rest is provident.

THE VOICES OF THE SEA

You laugh to-day, oh, deep and dark blue sea!
Your waves break ever on the sandy shore
To blend with ocean's roar their song of glee.

I watch your billows rolling o'er and o'er
In constant, calm, yet never-ceasing flow,
To join their song with surf-beat on the shore.

Your sunlit waves in wondrous beauty glow;
Cool breezes waft to me your fond caress;
And floating shadows playful seem to grow.

How changeful are your moods, oh, ocean bright!
But yesterday your wrathful bosom heaved,
Your depths were roused, your waves were tossed
with might.

Instead of song, with one long sigh they grieved,
Then roared and thundered in a headlong flight;
And when the waves your angry mien perceived,

On jagged rocks they fell, with might, with might!
Oh, wrathful, angry, vengeful, stormy sea!
When torrents rock your depths, I'd hence in fright!

And yet I know some meaning there must be
Why angry storms have tossed your waves on high;
Will you reveal your secret thoughts to me?

Are they too sacred for my friendly eye?
Too foul and dark to bear the light of day?
Too sadly sweet? You let no one come nigh?

Yet, oft indeed I think I know your lay,
When sung in strains full pensive, light and low:
Then 'tis a language that will often stay

Like converse sweet which only friends may know.
Are you disturbed by outward circumstance,
Can know no calm while storms above may blow?

And are you pained by every angry glance?
And have you longings such as man may know?
Or hidden sorrows that your woes enhance?

Oh, sea! what strength, what power your waters
 know!
What mighty forces in your bosom dwell!
What vengeful passions lay your armies low!

Mysterious, grand, you bind me with your spell!
Your stormy wrath has majesty sublime,
Though it may yield the very powers of hell!

And yet I know that best I like the time
When, passions stilled, your waves in calmness roll,
When mind, and tide, and wave, and surf-beat climb

To rich, melodious sweetness and console
The deep, sonorous wail of ocean's moan,
Until harmonious sweetness floods your soul.

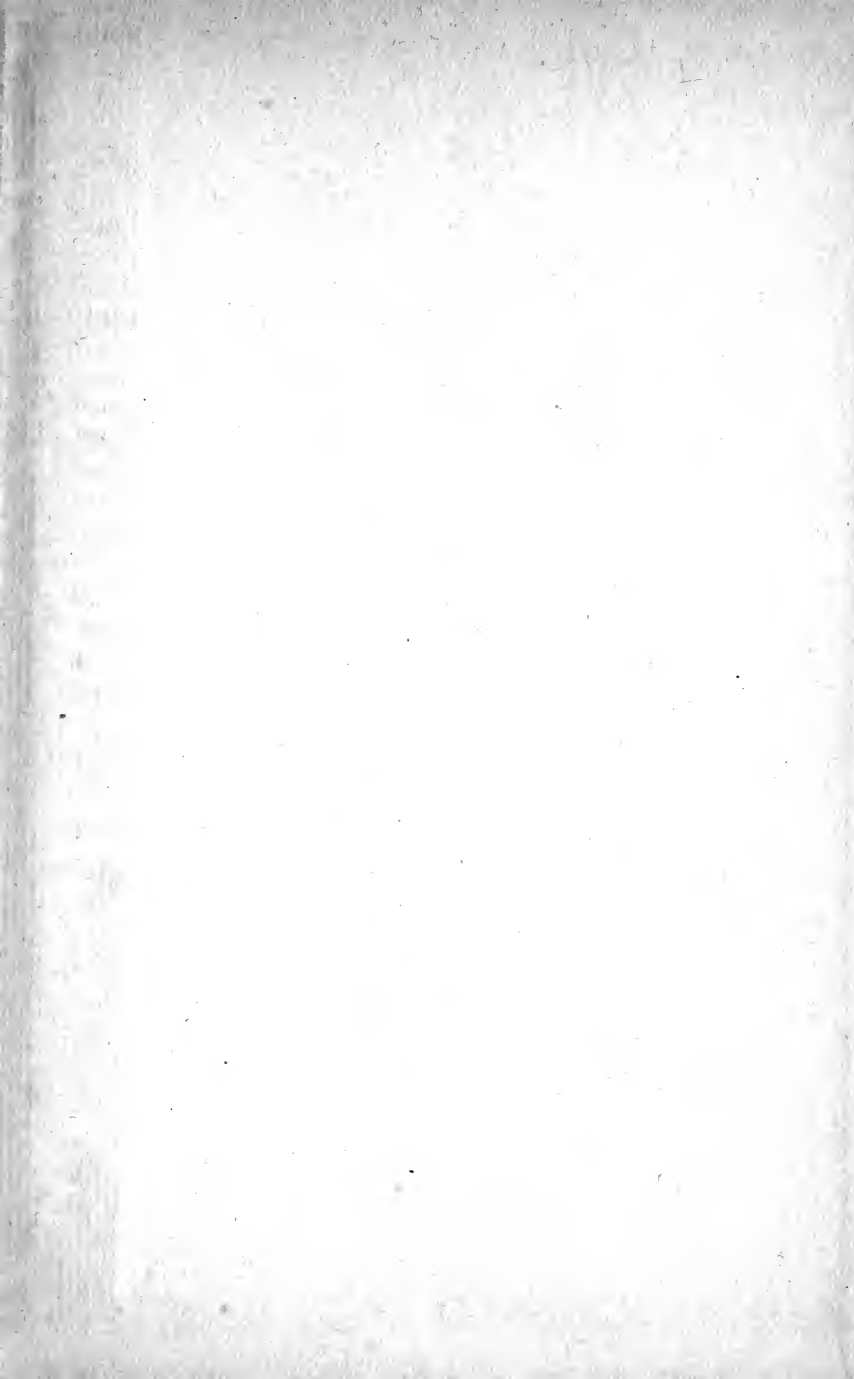
A FRAGMENT

The clouds above and round about me creep,
Their gloomy shadows darkly gray and deep;
 And, faint with dread, I weep.
Sad heart, look up to the unclouded sky,
 Where, shining bright and high,
The sun upon your clouds has cast his light,
 And made the shadows bright.

Thick clouds of sorrow hover 'round my way,
The light is dimmed by shadows cold and gray
 And cheerless is life's day.
Faith tells me that beyond the clouds is light
 That knows no shade of night.
And faith can pierce the clouds that now look
 drear;
 Shed brightness round me here.



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